

MEMOIRS OF LOVE AND GALLANTRY; OR, THE Various *Foibles* of the FAIR, Display'd in A REAL HISTORY OF

Several PERSONS of DISTINCTION
CONTAINING,

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| I. The History of SILVIA;
a Coquet from her Cradle. | V. The Disappointment;
or Marriage dropt at the Church-Door. |
| II. The Amours of her Brother. | VI. The Marriage of SILVIA. |
| III. Her's with her Brother HENRICK. | VII. SILVIA engages her Husband in a Quarrel, and in Murder. |
| IV. The Adventures of EVADNE; a Lady celebrated for her Conquest; when in Years. | VIII. Its Consequence with HENRICK's Marriage; and Settlement for Life. |

*These Sheets display the Turns in Humane Life,
Th' intriguing Wanton; and the modish Wife;
The giddy Girl, who lives without Design:
The plotting Dame, who can each Scheme refine,
I shew whate'er they fear, whate'er they want;
The sullen Husband, and the gay Gallant:
With every Toy that claims the Female Care,
And all the Foibles of the Rich and Fair.*

L O N D O N:

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MEMOIRS

OF

LOVE and GALLANTRY.



RICARDO was a Gentleman of a very ancient Family, and had an Estate of fifteen hundred *per Annum* in one of the most pleasant Counties in England, whose Representative in Parliament he was for thirty Years successively. His Lady was nobly decended, and one of the most accomplished Women of her Time. He was good-natur'd to a Fault, and the Delight he took in rural Sports made him neglect the more necessary Improvements of the Mind. The Learning he had acqurled in his Youth was intirely forgot, the Hound and the Bottle were his darling Amusements; yet, during the Life of his Wife, he bore an unblemished Character: Indolenee was the

only Fault his greatest Enemy could charge him with : But soon after her Decease, the Scene was alter'd, and *Ricardo* at fifty-five turned Debauchee. She left him two Sons, the eldest then not twenty we will call *Garcia*, and the other about four Years younger *Henrick*, and one Daughter not eight Years old, *Silvia*. These dear Pledges of their mutual Love, one would have imagined, claimed his greatest Care : he was indeed tenderly fond of them all, but it was the present too fashionable Fondness ; he instantly sent for the young Gentlemen home, who were then in the midst of their Travels for Improvement under the Care of a pious and learned Tutor : The careful Mother had given them a University-Education, and made choice of him to train them up in the Paths of Religion and Virtue. The Letters found them at *Rome*, and they accordingly prepared to return with the utmost Expedition to comfort their Father after so great a Loss. Soon after their Arrival the Tutor was dismissed, they must neither travel, nor study more ; he could not bear them out of his Sight : *Garcia*, who was fond of Learning, though he would not contradict his Father, resolved to preserve to himself the Conversation of his Tutor ; and forming an Excuse to get to *London*, soon found out the good Man, and boarded him at a Friend's House, generously allowing him a hundred Pounds a Year out of three which had been
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left to himself by a Relation, when he was but an Infant ; *Henrick's* Temper was very different, he hated Learning, and rejoiced at being delivered from a Tutor whose Presence kept him in awe, he was the Father's Favourite, and shared in all his Pleasures ; *Garcia* despised their Diversions, Bowling-green Meetings, Hunting, and *October* were his Aversion, an Assembly of downright Country 'Squires was a Plague he could not bear, he would steal out of the Company and lock himself up in his Study. The Father used his utmost Endeavour to alter his Humour, but finding it impossible, at last left off teasing him. The young Gentleman tired with the Sight of their Irregularities, spent most of his Time in Town with his Tutor. In the Interim, Fortune who delights in favouring the Worthless, was pleased to smile on *Henrick*, who by the Death of a near Relation of his Mother, came into an Estate of eight thousand *per Annum*, though the younger Son, which was left him for the sake of his Name only. This unexpected Acquisition made them launch into the greatest Degrees of Extravagance; the fine old Seat, which in the good Lady's Days had been remarkable for the Sobriety of the Family, and Christian Hospitality to the distressed, was now become a Receptacle for all the Riots, Youths of Fashion that pleased to come; Gaming, Drinking, and Obscenity, were as familiar there as in a

Brothel: nor could a Country Wench live as Servant a Week, without being ruined; *Garcia* came down to congratulate his Brother on this Occasion, but it being near ten a Clock before he got to the House, he found not one Creature in it sober enough to give an Answer. The Sight shock'd him prodigiously, for it was with great Difficulty that, with the help of his own Servant, his Father who lay dead drunk under the Table was carried to Bed, his Brother and the rest of the Company, which were fifteen in Number, he left to lye in the same Condition all Night: The next Day he took an Opportunity to talk to his Brother alone, and mildly remonstrated to him the Scandal which such a way of living would bring upon the Family; that it would destroy his own Health, and inevitably be the Death of their Father who was in Years, and concluded with saying, he would return to *London*. Immediately his Brother fell a laughing, and begged he would mind his Books; assuring him he was, and always intended to be the sole Judge of his own Actions.

Young *Silvia* had been with her Father's Sister from the Time of her Mother's Death, a Lady of great Piety; who, having no Children of her own, intended to make the Girl her Heir: yet no sooner did Miss hear of her Brother *Henrick's* good Fortune, but she wrote him Word, that unless he sent her home she should die. Her Aunt was old
and

and peevish, and treated her with so much Severity, that if he did not take Pity on her she would run away to prevent her Heart being broke. This inconsistent Letter, in which there was not one Word of Truth, prevailed; and, notwithstanding all the Arguments *Garcia* used to the contrary, Miss was fetch'd away, and before she was ten Years old, constituted Mistress of herself, and her hopeful Family; *Garcia* dreaded the Consequence, but well knowing it was out of his Power to prevent it, used his best endeavours to improve her Mind: he read her Lectures continually in praise of Virtue, told her it was the only Thing that could render a Woman truly valuable, that Beauty without it, only served to make the wretched Owner more remarkably infamous; and that since it was her Misfortune to lose her excellent Mother, and be exposed to so much Company at her tender Age, she must with the greatest earnestness devote herself to the Duties of Religion, and beg of God to enable her to discharge every part of Life appointed for her with Honour. The young Lady heard him attentively, and promised to observe his Instructions; he desired she would read no Books but what he sent her, and that she would write to him constantly twice a Week for whatever she wanted, and tell him the true State of her Heart; assuring her, that she should always find in him an affectionate Brother. She renewed

her Promises with Tears, adding, that she would never conceal a Thought from him; so taking a tender Leave of his Father, and a very cold one of *Henrick*, he returned to *London*. Miss was very punctual to her Word for some Years, and *Garcia* had the Pleasure whenever he came down to stay a Day or two, which was only for her Sake: that she improved in all the ornamental Parts of Education, she wrote a fine Hand, and very correctly, play'd well on the Spinnet, and sung to Admiration. She complained to him of their manner of Life, and said the vast Concourse of Visitors were so great, that she could not have the Satisfaction to eat with her Father once in a Month; that having no Body of Fashion to converse with, she was forced to divert herself at the neighbouring Farm-Houses, and expressed a concern for having left her Aunt. *Garcia* glad of any excuse to get her under his own Eye, obtained his Father's Leave to take her with him to *London*; the House where he lodged was kept by an antient Gentlewoman, whose Discretion and Politeness he thought would be a worthy Pattern for *Silvia*: to her Care therefore he committed her, and this Lady, whom we will call *Maria*, took indefatigable Pains to have her instructed in every thing suitable to her Birth: he introduced her to the Acquaintance of several young Ladies of Quality, imagining, that being accustomed to genteel Company, would

would take off her natural Rusticity, but it had not the least Effect upon her; the bold awkward Forwardness of a Country Romp still appeared in all she said and did. It was to no purpose to talk to her, for she seldom went out without playing some Trick to put poor *Maria* to the Blush, and took great Delight in making Mischief where-ever she came; her Stories were sure to be believed, because no-body suspected she was capable of forming a Design. At this rate she went on till by one of her Inventions, she had like to have caused a Separation between a Gentleman and his Wife. This alarmed *Maria* so much that she resolved to acquaint *Garcia* with it, as likewise with the unaccountable Liberties she gave herself in Mens Company. Soon as he came in she began, and begged the Favour of him to let *Silvia* return home, or dispose of her some other way, since, to her great Affliction, she found if she continued longer there it would be of fatal Consequence. He was surprized to hear her talk in such a Manner, and desired to know the Reasons, which she readily gave him, and particularly the Affair of the Gentleman and his Wife: He promised to send her into the Country the next Day, but begged she might be called and charged before him. She owned she had told the Story to the Lady; but added, she thought no harm, because *Maria* was the Person who told it to her. This was such a Master-piece of Impudence

dence in so young a Creature, that *Maria* was unable to speak for a considerable Time; but at last Passion made her forget the Respect she had hitherto paid her, and call'd up all the Servants in the House to witness against her, who roundly charged her with Things too gross to be repeated here. All this did not dash Miss, she protested her Innocence, and called her Maid, a Girl of her own Age, who had been brought up with her from her Infancy, to prove that she was by when *Maria* told the Story. The Wench aver'd it with as much Assurance as the Mistress had done before; the fond Brother believed 'em, and resented it so much, that though he did not leave the House, *Maria* and he did not exchange a Word in a twelve Month after: however, Miss and her Maid were dispatched home in a Coach and Six next Morning, and joyfully received by her Father and *Henrick*.

She was now near Thirteen, and began to think of a Husband; they indulged her in every Thing, she was no longer kept above Stairs, but graced the Upper-end of the Table every Day, though they were generally a dozen Gentlemen, and never a Woman beside herself. She would go a Hunting, and to Cock-matches with them, drink her Glass freely, and burst out double Entendre's, till she became the Jest of all the Country: yet the vast Entertainments which were constantly made there induced the
neigh-

neighbouring Ladies, whose Husbands, Fathers, and Brothers were seldom from the House to pay their Visits to *Silvia*. *Charinus*, a Gentleman of Two Thousand a Year, was prevailed on by *Ricardo* to bring his only Sister *Charina* to pass part of the Summer with his Daughter. *Charinus* was a Batchelor, and in a deep Consumption; this Invitation was made with a Design to bring on a Match between the Lady and *Garcia*, she was about Five and Twenty, very genteel, and every way agreeable, but no great Beauty. *Ricardo* proposed it to his Son, who answered coldly, that the Lady had much Merit; but begged to be excused, since he had not any Inclination to marry. The old Gentleman told him with a deep Sigh, he must either resolve to marry *Charina*, or see him intirely ruined; since, to his Shame, he must confess that Extravigance, and want of Thought, had involved him so deeply, there was no other way left to retrieve it. The Estate, continued he, I have mortgaged for Eight Thousand Pounds, and my Creditors grow impatient. Her Grief stop'd his Words, till the dutiful Son promised to do whatever he commanded. *Garcia* had the finest Face I ever saw, but was extremely fat, and of a melancholy peevish Temper. This account, you may be sure, afflicted him, tho' he would not say so to his Father, it was a little unreasonable to sacrifice his Peace for their Folly, and an Act of great In-

Injustice with regard to the poor Lady: however, Hopes of so large a Fortune soon removed all Scruples, and *Garcia* made it his whole Study to please *Charina*; all the Family joined to engage both the Brother and Sister, and in a few Months the Wedding was celebrated with great Rejoicings, Twelve Thousand Pounds was paid down, and the Brother promised to settle his whole Estate upon the first Son; the Mansion House was part of *Charina*'s Jointure, and it was agreed to be quitted entirely to the young Couple in two Months after the Marriage, because *Charinus* said, Relations living together often created Disputes; and that time being near expired he took his Leave, intending to spend the Remainder of the Summer at a House of his own forty Miles farther.

Poor *Charina* shed many Tears at parting with him, and stood drown'd in Sorrow, till his Chariot was quite out of Sight; upon which *Silvia* very pertly told her, she was sorry to find the Presence of her Husband was not able to comfort her for the Absence of a Brother. *Henrick* reproved her for the Speech; and to do him Justice, always behaved with great Civility to his Brother's Wife; *Garcia* never opened his Lips, but went into the Garden with his Father and Sister, *Henrick* vex'd at their Behaviour, and willing to do any thing to prevent her taking Notice on't, begged she
would

would permit him to attend her to a Fair, which was kept that Day at a great Town within three Miles, to divert her Melancholly ; she excused her going by saying she was ill, and would try to sleep a little : so retiring to her Chamber, *Henrick* went out without speaking to the rest, who never so much as enquired after her till Supper was over ; and then *Silvia* opening the Curtains told her, that before she came there, that was the Bed where she always lay herself, and that she could not be easy in any other ; that *Garcia* had promised to let her have it again, and begged she would do her the Favour to remove to any other Apartment. *Charina* justly provoked, desired her to withdraw, and not be altogether so impertinent, adding, that her stay in the House could not by Agreement exceed a Week ; and she had fix'd a Resolution to be sole Mistress of a Place she had so dearly paid for. I'll soon make you know, replies *Silvia*, I was Mistress before I saw you, and will be so still, notwithstanding your boasted Agreement, so flung out of the Room, raving like a mad Thing all the way down Stairs. *Charina* guessed by this beginning what she had to expect ; but was too fond of her ungrateful Husband to resent it as she ought : while she lay reflecting what could be the meaning of *Silvia's* Rudeness, her Woman who had lived with her Ten Years entered, and with a Look which expressed the inward

Sorrow she felt, told her, that *Garcia* was gone to Bed in her Apartment next to the Bowling-Green, and desired she would come to him without asking any Questions : she arose and went, ordering her Woman to follow and undress her : he was, or at least pretended to be asleep when she entered, it was then near twelve, and fearing to disturb him, she forbore to speak. Love inclined her to believe *Silvia* alone was to blame, and that pleasing Thought lulled her to Rest : but awaking as the Clock struck three, she found *Garcia* was not in Bed ; and starting up in the Fright, perceived the Door which opened to the Bowling-Green wide open, 'Tis impossible to describe the Agonies she was in; she imagined that Thieves had broke in and murdered him, and screamed out for help; and finding nobody come to her Assistance, she slipp'd on her Gown, and got to the Door, but her Strength failed, and she fell down in a Swoon, in which Condition she was found three Hours after by the Dairy-Maid, who soon awak'd the whole Family. *Henrick*, whose Bed-Chamber was directly over it, was the first who came down; and knowing nothing of the Change, was amazed to find *Charina* there : it was long before they could bring her to her Senses, and the first Word she spoke was to ask for her dear Husband. The Fright they were in had made them entirely forget him, but now Servants were sent
 eve-

every-where in search of him; the Brute was soon found at the Upper-end of a fine Walk, seated with a cold Fowl, and a Bottle of Wine before him, his Man attending at a little Distance. When he was told what had happened to his Lady, he laughed, and said it was only the Effects of Malice against his Sister; nor could he be persuaded to go to her, till *Henrick* being told the whole Affair by *Charina's* Woman, obliged him to come, by swearing he would murder *Silvia* if he refused: when he did come he shewed not any Concern, nor made the least Excuse for his Indiscretion, only said, she would in time be better acquainted with his Humour, and not be frightened at his diverting himself in a Moon-light Night, which was his common Custom. *Charina* reply'd, she should make it the Business of her Life to oblige him, and never would oppose his Will in any thing, only begged her own Apartment might be restored to her, since it would be very prejudicial to her Health to lye any more there. *Garcia* stood silent, but *Henrick* roundly told him it was a Shame to treat a Lady, who had brought such a Fortune, after this manner: that he would leave the House the next Day, and did not doubt but his Father would take Care to remove his Sister, and not put it in her Power to make more Mischief. In short, the Lady had her Lodgings, but *Ricardo* could never be brought to perform his Promise: when *Henrick* was gone,

gone, *Silvia* made it her whole Business to torment her deserving Sister-in-Law. She had lately got acquainted with a very gay Court-Lady; whose Husband, the younger Brother of a certain Earl, had taken a House within three Miles of *Ricardo's*: His Wife had rendered herself the Jest of the Town more by her Affectation and unaccountable Airs than any real Crime; for which Reason he was resolved to confine her to the Country: he was a Man of good Sense, but of a grave reserved Temper. *Evadne*, for so we will call her, thought Solitude worse than Death: she had always been accustomed to Noise and Hurry; the Dust of *Hyde-Park*, and the *Italian* Squalls at the Opera - House, were charming Pleasures; gaming all Night at a *Belle-Assemble*, or rambling to that worst of Brothels the Masquerade, were polite Diversions. She declared she should turn melancholly-mad, if he obliged her to stay the whole Summer: visiting *Silvia* was all the Relief she had; they passed every Day together, and often the Nights, for *Evadne* hated her Husband, and made him the Subject of her Ridicule. *Silvia* took great Pains to copy after this fine Pattern; which you may be sure improved her much. *Charina* disposed their Company, and would keep her Chamber a Week together to avoid them; which they at last resolved should no longer screen her from their Impertinence: they followed her even thi-

thither, and told her she must, and should
 live like the rest of the World, and not
 pretend to set up for a Saint at five and
 twenty. It was Pain to tell them she was
 ill, and beg they would not disturb her ; such
 a Speech would set *Evadne* a laughing.
 Breeding Qualms ! crys she, we must divert
 you : Pr'ythee *Silvia*, give us a Song. Thus
 with Singing and Nonsense, they teized
 the poor Lady till she fell ill of a violent
 Fever, *Garcia* with great Indifference let
 it go on, till the Country Apothecary told
 him, unless the Help of able Physicians
 was call'd in, there was little Hopes of
 Life ; and even then he said nothing, till his
 Father reminded him of her being with
 Child, and that all her Brother's Estate de-
 pended on't. This awaken'd him, the best
 Physicians were sent for from *London* ; her
 Woman took Care likewise to acquaint
 a Lady, with whom she had been boarded
 some Years after the Death of her Mother,
 with her present Condition ; and cruel U-
 sage. She had before her Illness often wrote
 to the same Lady, but never receiving an
 Answer, it added to her Grief, little ima-
 ging that *Silvia* intercepted all her Letters,
 and let none come to her Hands till she
 had first read them : her Friend was there
 as soon as the Physicians, to the great Mor-
 tification of the whole Family. She was a
 Woman of Fortune and Spirit, they thought
 it not safe to insult her, lest it should come

to the Brother's Ear; and yet they dreaded her staying till *Charina* recovered her Senses. *Dela* law thro' all their forc'd Civilities, and feign'd Sorrow; and frankly told them, she took *Charina* to be Mistress of that House, and would stay, and see that due Care was taken of her. In a few Days the Fever began to abate, and she expressed great Satisfaction at the Sight of *Dela*, who she earnestly begged not to leave her, but observing *Silvia* by the Bed-side, Madam, says she, is it not enough that you have brought me into this Condition; without adding to my Illness by your Visits, the Sight of you disturbs me so much, that I can never hope to recover unless you are kept out of my Chamber? *Silvia* forced a malicious Smile, and was a going to reply, but *Dela* without farther Ceremony put her out of the Room; fired with Resentment at this Usage, she flew to her Father and *Garcia* like an enraged Fury; but they told her this was a very improper Time to make Disputes, and desired she would moderate her Passion, and not go near *Charina* till she was perfectly recovered.

Henrick hearing of her Illness, came to see her; she was now able to sit up a little; after the first Ceremonies were over, she recounted all that had passed; and intreated he would stay with them some time, since his Presence would be a check upon *Silvia*, and prevent her playing any more Tricks:
 she

she gave him a true Character of *Evadne*, and added, she was afraid such Company would be of ill Consequence to his Sister. He never seen this had Lady, and from what he heard, could form but a very indifferent Idea of her ; however, he persuaded *Charina* to be reconciled to *Silvia*, provided he brought her to ask Pardon, and promise Amendment. It will be very pleasing to your Husband, says he, and conduce to your own Peace ; you need not permit her to disturb you in your Apartment, nor see any of her Visitors : all I ask is, that you would sit at Table with her as usual, and speak to her in common, without any Signs of Anger. *Dela* thought he was in the right, and *Charina* agreed with some Difficulty ; *Silvia* was brought to her Penitentials, and every thing seemed easy : but this young Lady's Tongue and Heart were utter Strangers to one another, while she spoke the Language of Respect and Love, her Thoughts were wholly bent upon Revenge. *Henrick* was a general Admirer of the Fair, every Complexion, Size, and Age, had a Charm for him. It was impossible to be in the same House with so fine a Woman as *Dela*, without making her an Offer of his Heart. She was a Widow of about five and thirty, of a graceful Person, good Sense, and every way agreeable ; her only Child, a Girl of seven Years old, had Ten Thousand Pounds left by her Father. The Lady herself was Mistress

of Eight Hundred Pounds a Year at her own Disposal. *Henrick* propos'd it to his Father and Brother, who seem'd to think it a tolerable Match, considering the intangled State of their Affairs. This new Scheme made all the Family of a sudden grow extremely complaisant. *Henrick* was continually in the Apartment of his Sister-in-Law, and daily contriving new Diversions for the Ladies, who soon found out the Design, and laugh'd by themselves at their Folly. *Dela* was too good a Mother to think of a second Marriage; and had she not, the ill Success of her Friend was sufficient to deter her from an Engagement of that sort with the Brother: yet they thought it adviseable not to give him an absolute Denial, till *Charina* came to Town; but all their Measures were broke by an Accident which oblig'd *Dela* to return to *London*. She had not been gone two Days before *Silvia* reported all the Country round, that she had catch'd the fine Widow upon the Bed with her Brother, and that was the Cause of her going away so hastily. It came at last to the Ears of *Charina*, who resent'd the Injury very warmly. What would she have said, had any Body been kind enough to tell her that her Sister aver'd she was great with every Footman in the House; which ridiculous Lie was *Silvia's* common Topick wherever she went. The long expected *Charinus* at last arriv'd, and finding his Sister near her Time, thought
fit

fit she should lye-in at *London*, whither the whole Family came together. The first Visit *Dela* paid her she could not forbear giving her an Account of *Silvia's* Business, who, unluckily for her, entered the Room at that Instant; *Dela's* Passion was so violent, that, without any regard to good Manners, she flew at her like an enraged Tygress, tore off her Headcloths, scratched her Face, and stamped her under her Feet, till she was dead. Between the Blows and the Fright, the Noise alarmed all the House, and *Charinus* amongst the rest, to whom she gave the Reason in very strong Terms, assuring him his Sister's Life was in Danger amongst them, and repeated the cruel Treatment they had given her during his Absence; this was a Thunder-clap indeed. *Ricardo* cried out, that his Daughter was murdered. *Charinus* said, if she was not, she had not her Deserts. In shor, the obliged 'em to take her out of the House, and prevailed with *Dela* to stay with her Sister till she was brought to Bed. 'Twas believed the Surprise was of some Prejudice to her; for she fell in Labour the next Day, and was in so dangerous a Condition that Dr. C.—was sent for. *Garcia* and *Charinus* staid in the next Room; the Doctor desired to speak with *Garcia* before he delivered her. *Charinus* left them together, and with Tears in his Eyes stepp'd in to see his Sister, whom he found supported by *Dela*; and listning at the
Wain-

Wainſcot, they beckoned to him to draw near, and be ſilent, which he did ; and they all diſtinctly heard the Doctor ſay, it was, he feared, impoſſible to ſave both, and *Garcia* answer ; be ſure to take Care of the Child, the Eſtate depends upon that. *Charinus* could be patient no longer, he called *Garcia* a hundred barbarous Villians, and forcing the Doctor into the Room, ſwore, if his Siſter did otherwiſe than well, he ſhould never live to come out ; So fixing himſelf with his Sword drawn on the Stair-caſe, he never ſtir'd till News was brought him that ſhe was ſafely delivered of a fine Boy. The Child died on the fifth Day, but nothing could ever induce the Lady to pardon *Garcia* ; ſo a ſeparate Maintenance was agreed on, and ſhe went once more to live with *Dela*. Thus *Silvia's* Revenge was fully accompliſhed, but the Wretch found a time to repent it heartily ; for, in a few Years *Garcia* died of Fat and the Hip, *Charinus* ſoon followed him to the other World, and left his Siſter all his Eſtate both real and perſonal.

But to return to *Silvia*, who boated publickly, that ſhe had at laſt obtained her Deſire, and parted her Brother and his Wife. 'Tis eaſy to gueſs what Opinion her Hearers muſt have of ſuch a Proceeding ; but that gave her no Diſturbance. She was again Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and had no-body to controul her, *Evadne* and ſhe might
act

act as they pleased. About this time a young Lady came by Invitation to pass some Months with *Evadne*, we will call her *Penelope*. She was Daughter to my Lady — who had three, and all were perfect Beauties, though of different Complexions; *Penn* was extremely fair, her Features and Shape were exact to a Wonder: There was indeed a certain Softness in her Eyes, that spoke her by no means a Wit; yet she did not want a tolerable share of Sense, and talked but little, being cautious of her Imperfection that way: they had no more than two thousand Pounds a-piece, a Fortune no way suitable to their Dress, and manner of Living. The Mother had carried them to the *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, and both the Universities, as the proper Markets for Beauties; which indiscreet Management had caused much Talk, and give Mrs. *Penn* great Uneasiness. *Evadne* brought the fair Lady to visit *Silvia*, who soon used to say it was a Pleasure to look at her she was so exquisitely handsome, she was so lavish in her Praises where-ever she went, that she created a Curiosity in all her Acquaintance to see this Wonder. Her Kindness made Mrs. *Penn* appear not half so beautiful in their Eyes; as she really was their Expectations were raised to such a pitch, that *Venus* herself would scarce have come up to the Idea they had formed. *Silvia* was so impatient to know their Opinion of her Favourite,

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rite, that she took an Opportunity to whisper them all. The general Answer was she is a very pretty Picture. *Silvia's* Friendship was fatal as her Hatred; the World were so well acquainted with her Faults, that they thought it impossible she should love any less wicked than herself. Poor *Mrs. Penn* indeed was a Stranger to her Character, and entertain'd for her a sincere Esteem. This Harmony continued between them till *Silvia's* Maid, who had been brought up with her from a Child, and as I mentioned before, had a Hand in the Mischief at *Maria's*, thought fit to break it: the Wench had been debauched by *Henrick*, and Jealousy inclined her to watch him narrowly. She soon perceived that he was in Love with *Mrs. Penn*, a thing which no-body else suspected, and resolved to alarm her Lady. As the Company were walking in the Gardens the Day before, *Mrs. Penn* in pulling out her Handkerchief, unluckily dropp'd a Letter of *Henrick's*, which was taken up by *Nan*; this she carried to *Silvia*. The Duty I owe your Ladyship, says she, forces me, much against my Inclination, to discover to you the Cunning and Falshood of your Friend; *Mrs. Penelope* has certainly a Design upon my young Master, I have feared it a long while, but this Letter too plainly shews that my Fears are true. *Silvia* read it, and coloured with Indignation: I shall spoil her Plot, ungrateful Monster as she is; our Family shall

shall not be ruined by my Brother's marrying a handsome Beggar, cries she in a Rage, I'll tax him with it immediately. If I might presume to advise your Ladyship, replies *Nan*, I believe it will be best to shew it to my old Master, and not take Notice to 'em that you know any thing of it; you are sensible he is so fond of his Father, that he can't bear to see him grieve for any thing: this will be a much surer Method to break it off, than if we are found to have any Hand in it. *Silvia* approved of the Advice, and went to give her Father an Account of this dreadful Misfortune: the old Man could not be perswaded to conceal it a Minute; but sent his Son, and with Tears and Curses raged against *Penn* like a Mad-man, swearing, that if she ever entered the House again, he would kill her; and if she did not, he would expose her for a Strumpet every where. *Henrick* with much Mildness begged he would hear him patiently. You are not sensible, Sir, says he, what a Noise the Affair of my Brother and his Wife has made in the World, and how severely they reflect on our Family on that Account; I am resolved to behave in a very different Manner: I frankly confess I do love the Lady you mention, and will marry her: if my Sister behaves to her with the least Disrespect, I will never more see her, or give her one Farthing; and if you don't think fit to receive her as a Daughter, it shall be her own

Fault if she is not my Wife To-morrow-Morning: my Estate depends on no-body, I have always behaved with the strictest Duty to you much to my own Detriment; and would be glad you would consider, and not pretend to direct my Choice if I hear no more of this, and the Lady is received with Tenderness and good Manners, I will add to *Silvia's* Fortune five thousand Pounds, and you shall always command me in every thing else; if not, I will take a sure Revenge on all without Distinction who shall dare to affront the Woman I love, I expect her here in two Hours, and shall from the Looks of you and *Silvia* determine whether we are to be Friends or Enemies. Having said this, he left the Room without staying for an Answer. *Ricardo* was in such an Agony at his Son's Speech, that he swooned; all the House were gathered about him, and *Silvia* ran and told *Henrick* their Father was dying; who coldly answered, her Malice had caused his Illness, and he would advise her to administer a Cure, but she could not prevail on him to go with her: the old Gentleman was by the help of Smelling-Bottles soon brought to himself, and told his Daughter what *Henrick* had said. *Nan* was present, who humbly advised 'em to conceal their Anger, and seem well satisfied with the Match. This, she said, would give them time to consult on proper Means to prevent it; whereas, if they made the least

least Opposition, it would be concluded in a Hurry. They both agreed she was in the Right, and resolved to appear more fond of Mrs. Penn than ever. Nan was sent to desire Henrick to come to his Father, and to assure him, that Silvia had perswaded Ricardo to approve his Choice; and that she was herself rejoiced to think she should have her dear Penn for a Sister-in-Law: he believed all she said, because he wished it, and went with her. Ricardo received him with open Arms, desired he would forget what was past, and impute it to the Fondness of a Parent's being too apt to prefer a large Fortune before Merit, but said Silvia, had convinced him that the Beauty and Virtue of Mrs. Penn deserv'd an Empire; and laughing told him; old as he was he would dance at the Wedding. He had scarce done speaking before the Ladies entered. Evadne said she was half dead with a Fit of the Vapours; that Brute my Spouse has obliged Penn, and I to visit all his Dogs and Game-Cocks; and the provoking Thing, continued she, joyn'd with him to teize me: She has been admiring them this two Hours. I dare swear she can describe every particular Beauty which he says they have; Lud! the Noise will never be out of my Ears: I am at a loss to determine which are the greatest Beasts, the Animals, or those that delight in 'em: I shall certainly grow so rustick, if I stay in the Country much longer, that I shall be star'd

at for a Sight when I return to the Circle : but our *Penn* seems distin'd for a Country-Housewife ; I protest she spends half the Day with the Parson's Wife and my House-keeper in learning to preserve Pickles, and make Plague-Water and Salves : I wonder she is not ashamed. The Company smiled at this fine Speech, and *Henrick* told her pretty roughly, he thought that Fondness for Animals was a certain sign of both good Sense, and a Humane Disposition ; that Country Amusements were far more commendable and innocent than those of a Court ; and if Mrs. *Penn* could not boast of being a modern fine Lady, she seemed truly qualify'd to make a good Wife, a tender Mother, a Christian Neighbour, and kind Mistress to her Servants ; which, in his Opinion, were the greatest Perfections a Woman should desire to arrive at. Dear *Silvia*, cry'd she, take me out of the Room ; your Brother is certainly out of his Wits, or he could never talk at this Rate : sure he has lately been conversing with *Daniel Burges's*, or he could never talk of Christianity, good Mothers and good Wives. I beg Pardon, Madam, reply'd *Henrick*, I forgot that your Ladyship had a fine Son, and lovely Daughter, whom you are too polite to regard any more than you do your Husband. Filthy ill-bred Wretch, answered she, you want to affront me ; but I scorn to take Notice of such a Barrel of *October* : I'll tell this Story, and make

make you ashamed to shew your Face before People of Fashion. You'll pardon him, Madam, says *Ricardo*, when I tell you that my Son and this dear Lady, bowing to *Penn*, were upon the Point of stealing a Wedding without acquainting any of us ; only I chanced to find a Letter which was carelessly dropp'd Yesterday in the Garden : and can you blame him for preaching up the Doctrine which best suits his Temper before his intended Spouse. *Henrick* frowned, *Evadne* look'd confounded, but Mistress *Penn* readily answered, what ever *Henrick's* Intentions were, she appealed to him for her's, that she had often assured him, however weak she might have been in listening to his Addresses, that she never would consent to marry him without the Consent of his Father, and the Approbation of his Sister, to whose Friendship she owed the greatest Sincerity, and most plain Dealing ; and called on him to answer if the Wedding had not been over long since, if he could have persuaded her to alter this Resolution. He reply'd, that what she said was undoubtedly true, but could not help saying, that Obstinacy was the only Fault he ever knew her guilty of. *Ricardo* rose up, and taking her in his Arms, assured her, if his Consent were the only thing wanting, his Son need not defer the Happiness of being her's one Moment. *Silvia*, said she, took it a little ill that they had not intrusted her with the

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Secret of their Love; but she desired nothing more than being blessed with so deserving a Sister. *Evadne*, though she affected to rattle, was too well acquainted with the Ways of the World to take all this for Truth: She had often advised *Penn* to hasten the Match, but could not prevail; the poor young Lady loved *Silvia*, and would do nothing till she was acquainted. *Evadne*, who knew her better, was positively against her knowing any thing of the Matter till it was over; and this seeming Kindness by no means pleased her. *Henrick's* Birth-Day was to be kept the *Tuesday* following with great Magnificence, Many People of Quality and Fashion of both Sexes were invited, and amongst the rest, Lord *Marcus* and his Darling-Niece, a Child at that time scarce eleven Years old. *Henrick* presented Mrs. *Penn* with a Sett of Jewels of great Value before them all, to appear in on that Day; which she, after what had passed, accepted without any Ceremony, to the inward Mortification of *Ricardo* and *Silvia*. *Evadne*, who was upon the Watch, easily perceived their Uneasiness, though the Evening was spent with a great deal of seeming Mirth.

Henrick waited on them home, to whom *Evadne* told her Sentiments freely, adding, that he knew his Sister's Temper, and that this wonderous Calm, portended a Storm. He reply'd, the best way to prevent it was to be married that Night at their Parish-Church,

Church: but, all they could both say would not prevail with *Penn* she had such chimerical Notions of Honour and Friendship that she forgot her own real Interest, little imagining it was losing the last Opportunity she would ever have; and would cost her much Sorrow and Repentance for the Remainder of her Life.

The Preparations for this Day were the most extravagant I ever saw, the finest Voices from the *Opera House*, and the best Hands for all sorts of Musick were sent for from *London*. In short, the Entertainment could not possibly cost less than a Thousand Pounds; a vast Expence for a Family over-run with Debt to be guilty of: the Country Ladies strove who should make the finest She; on this Occasion. *Silvia* appeared in a rich Brocade of Yellow-Silver, deck'd with all the Jewels she was Mistress of: She was low of Stature, very brown, and so extreemly fat, that I really think she was thicker over the Shoulders, than she was tall; her Features were tolerable, her Eyes large and fine: yet the Oddness of her Shape, joyn'd to the Thickness of her Clothes, made her look like a moving Quagmine. Mrs. *Penn* was dressed in a Suit of plain Rose-coloured Sattin; her natural Modesty, and innocent Air, charmed every Body. Lord *Marcu's* little Niece out-shone all the Company; the modest Baggage had on a Cap of black Lace, her Hair was curl'd, and hung
down

down her Back, ty'd in Locks with Strings of Diamonds, her Clothes were White Velvet trim'd with an open Silver-Lace, but so stuck out with Jewels, that a very good Judge in such Things computed that she had as many about her as were worth Fifty thousand Pounds : the Girl was too much like her reputed Father to be a Beauty ; her Eyes like his were large, and so piercing, it was impossible to look at them a Moment : She had an unaccountable Sternness in every Feature; she was finely shap'd, gentele, and altogether very agreeable : but the manner in which she had been brought up from her Infancy, and the Notion she had entertain'd of the Greatness of her Birth, made her regard every Body as inferior to her. The fond Uncle indulged her in all her Wishes; at eight Years old she governed his Family without Controul, kept her Days, and received Visits from Ladies of the first Quality young and old : She behaved with much Gravity ; but, being born in *Holland*, she retained a strong Tincture of her Country, and had a strange Aversion to Ceremony, always speaking whatever she thought, not caring who it offended. I have heard her say Things which have put a Room full of Company in Confusion; and when she had done, with a haughty Smile, say she wondered how People durst be guilty of Foibles they were ashamed to have repeated. I have dwelt longer on the Character of this young

young Lady than I at first intended, being obliged to mention her again in this Work on a very particular Occasion.

Ricardo was, by his Wife, distantly related to Lord *Marcus*, and took a great deal of Pains to let the Company know that this shining Lady was his Cousin. She was treated with as much Respect as her Vanity could desire; the Country-Ladies thought themselves highly honoured, when she vouchsaf'd to speak to them: the late Duke of R ——— was there, a Man naturally haughty, her Pride provoked him, and he was resolved to give her some Mortification. I have, says he, an undoubted Right to a Share of your Ladyship's Favour; since, as I take it, we are nearly ally'd in Blood. Lord *Marcus* frown'd at the Speech, but the young Lady readily reply'd, Your Grace is certainly mistaken; because the World well knows the Virtue of your Mother was so manifest, and her Conscience so scrupulous, that she would not have ventured to swear who was your real Father; but Merry King C ———s like a kind Keeper owned you: be contented with that, my Lord, without pretending to be related to me; or I protest; I will instantly give the Company the History of your Mother's Amours, and the grateful Return she made that Prince at last for his Fondness, or rather Folly: for tho' he has been dead so many Years before my Birth, yet I have had a very full Account

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from People of Honour who lived in those Times. What a dexterous Hand she had at finishing. She ended her good-natur'd Speech with a loud Laugh, in which all the Company joyn'd ; the Noise was so great that no-body could hear his Answer ; but he flung out of the Room, ordered his Chariot to be got ready, and was gone before *Ricardo* so much as missed him.

Supper being ended, the Ball began, which was opened by *Henrick* and his Cousin ; *Ricardo* had placed himself by Lord *Marcus*, knowing how to please the fond Uncle. My Lord, in return, was pleased to say, he thought *Henrick* a very deserving young Gentleman ; and that he merited the best Fortune in the Kingdom. If your Ladyship is in earnest, reply'd *Ricardo*, we should be truly happy, for then you would permit him to sigh at the Feet of your lovely Niece. My Niece, reply'd my Lord, is as yet but a Child, or I assure you. I would lay my Commands on her to receive his Addresses : I never design to marry her to a Nobleman, it was the last Desire of her Father, that I should not. Let us cease this Discourse, continued he, since it would be unreasonable to expect that *Henrick* should wait for a Wife, till she is marriageable, cry'd *Ricardo* in an Ecstasy of Joy, yet this ten Years: I'll engage, if your Lordship thinks fit. Well says my Lord, it will be time enough to renew this Discourse when we find my Cousin inclined
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to go thro' *Jacob's* Talk. The People who were most concerned little dreamed of what was in Agitation, though *Henrick* was according to his wonted Fickleness, so much taken up with this imperious Child, that he scarce took Notice of Mrs. *Penn*. *Evadne* observed his Coldness, and took an Occasion to speak to her of it ; but she reply'd, it was meer Caprice to be angry at his paying a Respect which was due to her Quality ; and begged she would forbear to conjure up Phantoms to disturb her Peace. Be as careless as you will, says *Evadne*, but I am much mistaken if you don't repeat your not taking my Advice last Night. You are sincerely in Love with the Creature, and I am sorry for it ; if ever he gives you another Opportunity, and you neglect it, believe me, you'll lose him. While they were talking, the *French* Dances were finished, and *Ricardo* came to take Mrs. *Penn* for his Partner at Country Dances. My Lord made Choice of his Cousin *Silvia*, but he pay'd dearly for it before they had done ; for by that time they had danc'd half an Hour, jumping about had put her into such a Sweat, that she smelt strong enough to choak every Body that came near her, which so much offended his Lordship's Niceity, that he counterfeited an Indisposition, and went into the Garden for Air : the Ball being over, the *Italians* sung till Day-light appeared, when the Company were conducted into the Sum-

mer-House, and regail'd with Chocolate, Tea, and all sorts of Things proper for a Breakfast, after which they retir'd to rest.

The next Day atter Dinner every Body took Leave; *Ricardo* and *Henrick* would not be deny'd the Honour of waiting on my Lord and the young Lady part of their Way to *London*. As they return'd, *Ricardo* told his Son what Discourse he had with Lord *Marcus* the Night before, and remonstrated to him the vast Advantage such a Match would have been to their Family; but, to my great Affliction, you are blinded by an indisceet Passion for Mrs. *Penn*, cry'd the old Gentleman with Tears in his Eyes, and all my Hopes are blasted. 'Tis true, she is handsome; but, in my Opinion, not to be compared to Miss: that Child' is a Miracle of Wit and Spirit; there is an Air of Greatness in all she says and does: besides, there will be no End of her Fortune; his own is large, and there is no Doubt but she will have all my Lord's Estate. Dear *Henrick* consider, and don't throw your self away; believe me, if you do, no in less than half a Year, when you find your Estate involved, and no way to retrieve it, without selling a part, you'll hate your Wife as the Author of your Misfortunes, and wish in vain, that you had taken my Advice. *Henrick* with a deep Sigh told him he was too far engaged to look back; and begged, as he valued his Repose, he would never more talk

talk on that Subject; since, if he should now break with Mrs. *Penn*, he should never be able to appear in the World. The Father comply'd, well-pleased to find he had made him sensible of his Error, and did not despair of gaining his end at last: he concluded the Work half done, for he easily perceived his fickle Son had a strange Propensity to break his Vows.

However, Mrs. *Penn* was received with as much Respect as ever, and he continued his Visits as frequent, tho' he grew more melancholly and thoughtful than formerly, which confirmed *Evadne* in her Suspicion. One Morning, as they were sitting together at her House, she was resolved to bring this Affair to a Conclusion without consulting *Penn*. She told *Henrick*, she was at a loss to guess what made them delay the Wedding; she thought it had no good Aspect, the Country began to talk of it, and such Discourses would cause Reflections on the Lady's Honour; and pressed them earnestly to trifle no longer, but fix a Day. *Henrick* reply'd, he did not desire to defer it a Minute longer, and said with a Smile, the Church is in sight, Madam, and the Parson not far off; Let us send for him. *Evadne* joyn'd with him to persuade *Penn*, but in vain. She insisted, that it would be very indecent not to acquaint *Ricardo* and *Silvia*, and would give them a just Cause to be angry, in which Opinion she persisted with so much Obstinacy, that

that they were forced to submit, and the time was fixed to be that Day Fortnight at *London*, that her Mother and Sisters might be present. *Henrick* invited his Father and Sisters who were cunning enough to say nothing against it; they all came to Town together with as much seeming Friendship. *Silvia* offered to be Bride-Maid, the Wedding-Cloaths were come home, and the Evening before they agreed that the Bride, with her Mother, Sisters, *Silvia* and *Evadne*, should go to the Doctor's House of a certain great Parish-Church, by Eight in the Morning; and that *Henrick* and his Father should meet them there, to prevent a Bustle being made when the time came. *Silvia* sent Word she had been taken very ill in the Night, and begged they would not stay for her; but she would be there by Dinner-time if she was able. The rest of the Ladies attended the Bride, who expected *Henrick* would be before them, it being near nine a-Clock; but she was disappointed: he gave them Leave to wait till the Canonical Hour of Twelve was over, and at last neither came, nor so much as sent an Excuse. Mrs. Penn's Surprise and Grief was so violent, that she was forced to be carried home in a Chair; she lost her Senses for near a Fortnight, the Physicians despaired of her Recovery, all the Town pitty'd her, and railed at his Baseness. *Evadne* was indefatigable to find out the Cause of his sudden Change, which
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at last she did by bribing a Favourite-Servant of *Ricardo's*, who told her, that *Henrick* set out for *Holland* by three o' Clock the very Morning he was to have been married; that *Ricardo* and *Silvia* had strong Convulsions all the Night before: and that the old Man had solemnly sworn he would stab himself dead in the Church before his Son's Face the Moment the Ceremony was over; which terrified *Henrick* so much, that he suffered himself to be carried away by two Gentlemen, who had Orders not to leave him till he arrived in *Holland*. He look'd, continued the Fellow, so much concerned, that I wept to see him; yet he was scarce out of the House before their pretended Illness vanished; and their Joy knew no Bounds: they delighted themselves to think of the poor Lady's Disappointment; and when they were told what a melancholly Condition she was in, said, they hoped the Fool would take pet and die.

How severely did this innocent Lady suffer for not following the Advice of *Evadne*? The Expence she was at for Wedding-Cloaths sunk deep in her small Fortune; when she recovered it was impossible to persuade her to see any Company. She retired to a remote part of the Country, where she is still living, but so drowned in Melancholly, that she seldom speaks even to the Maid that waits on her: her eldest Sister soon after married a Gentleman of a good Estate.

Estate ; and *Evadne*, who very justly abhorred the wicked *Silvia*, having lost by this Accident the only Place she had to divert herself at, never left teasing her Husband, till he brought her to Town, where, ten Years after, at an Age, when one would have thought she had been past charming, she became the avowed Mistress of a Man, too great for me to name: nay, so vain was she of this Amour, that she took no Pains to conceal her Shame, but laugh at some Friends who took the Liberty to remove her; never once attempting to deny or excuse it: her Husband left her, and took his Son with him, whom he enjoyn'd never to speak to his Mother on Pain of being disinherited. The Daughter stay'd with her, and if Fame speaks true; so exactly followed her Steps, that, as soon as she grew up to Woman, she rivalled her in her Lover; which mortified her Pride so much, that all on a sudden she turned a most zealous Devotee, and would feign have been reconciled to her Husband, but he proved inexorable; nor could he be brought to consent that her Son should visit her, when she lay so dangerous ill that her Life was despair'd of.

Henrick return'd from *Holland* in a Month, but so privately, that it was known to none but their own Family; he never stirr'd out, always keeping his Chamber, when any Company was with his Father; he was
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heartily ashamed of what he had done; and very much concerned for the Grief he had caused Mrs. *Penn*, whose Sight and just Reproaches : he dreaded worse than Death his Sister was never from him, who took great Pains to divert his Chagrin, and make him forget his Care, which had at last ; the desired Effect : for between the Father and she they talked him into an Opinion, that whatever the World might say, the Disappointment he gave that Lady was the luckiest Adventure of his Life. It is but staying a few Months here, cry'd *Ricardo*, and then you may appear as if you were just come to *England*; the Noise will be over, and every Body of Sense will approve your Management. Did not my Lord — leave one of the Queen's lovely Maids after a more binding Engagement than yours to *Penn*, tho' she was a Woman of Fortune and Family? yet you see that was no bar to the Marriage : the Ladies are all vain in making a Conquest, and fancy some extraordinary Merit in a Man for whom others sigh. Leave me to excuse it to Lord *Marcus*, and I'll warrant his Niece will never make any Exception on that Account : 'tis an easy matter to persuade People into a good Opinion of themselves, we are all too much inclined to wink at our own Failings, but that is a Foible which ought carefully to be avoided, lest it should bring us in Time to mistake Vice for Virtue : this was the Effect it had

on *Henrick*, he gloried in the Ruin he had wrought, and valued himself for having been able to overcome a Passion so destructive to his Interest. He resolved for the future to stick at nothing that might any way conduce to his Pleasure or Grandeur; the obtaining *Marcus's* Niece was all their Aim, but that could not be attempted presently: Solitude hung very heavy on his hands, it deprived him of the Possibility of intriguing, and forced him to take up with *Nan*, of whom he was thoroughly tired. *Silvia*, who was so hardened in Vice, that she thought nothing a Crime, began to grow wondrous fond of her Brother. She despaired of ever getting a Husband, since not one of their numerous Visitants had offered to make Love to her; and resolved at any rate to die a Maid. She would sit in his Chamber Hours after he was in Bed, and take Care to be there again before he was up in a Morning, singing amorous Songs, and sometimes repeating the Story of *Cannace* from *Ovid*. She made no scruple to kiss him, sit on his Knee, threw her Arms round his Neck, and behave in so scandalous a Manner that the Servants took Notice. *Nan* grew uneasy at it, and ridiculed her Lady wherever she went; she charged her with being guilty of such strange unnatural Vices, as would offend a modest Ear to repeat: and now, adds the Wench, I believe she wants to corrupt her Brother. The Neighbours chid her
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for talking at such a rate of a Lady who had been so kind to her; and having never heard of such Crimes before, imagin'd 'em all Stories of her own raising. She protested that all she said was true, and that her Mistress at thirteen was more vicious and wicked than all *Drury-Lane* put together. And yet, says she, I believe she is still a Maid; but that's for want of asking, and with Tears assured them, she should have been more happy, had she been brought up to hard Labour like the rest of her Sisters than she ever could hope to be, for her Lady's fatal Kindness had undone her. This made a great Noise amongst the vulgar Country-People; and a Farmer's Wife, who was often admitted to sit with *Silvia*, could not forbear giving her an Account of what her Maid reported. *Silvia* in her Passion indiscreetly called the Wench, and charged her with it before the Woman, striking her a Blow on the Face, and giving her a great deal of opprobrious Language. *Nan* fired again, and averred to her Face, that all and ten times more than she had yet said was true; and rudely swore, she should dearly repent the Blow she had given her, and was going out of the Room: but *Silvia* well knew if she was not pacify'd what she had to expect, so rose and lock'd the Door; and found herself reduced to the Necessity of exposing herself before the Woman. For the stubborn Hussy would not be reconciled with

all she could say and do, till she threw in a Gown and Petticoat ; and that purchased a Peace : Vice is generally its own Punishment. This Woman, in the midst of Grandeur, was not only forced to wink at the Whoredoms of a Wretch she had raised from the Dunghill, but lived in continual Fear of her, not daring to contradict her in any thing, because she had entrusted her. I can't help saying, with Mr. Dryden,

*Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.*

But, to return to *Ricardo*, he began to think it time for his Son to appear ; and concluded it would be proper for him to go to *London* himself, in order to sound Lord *Marcus's* Inclination with relation to the Match, for which he was very eager. They agreed that he should set out the next Day, and *Henrick* in three Days after to follow, pretending to be just come from *Holland* ; but *Silvia* grew inwardly uneasy at the Thoughts of this Match : she now doated on him to such a Degree, that she could not fear he should marry at all. When *Ricardo* was gone, she sighed continually, would not be persuaded to eat any thing ; and when her Brother pressed to know the Cause of her Grief, she begged he would enquire no farther ; told him it was incurable, it would certainly kill her ; and that Death now was her

her only Wish. He was surprized to hear her talk in such a Manner, and would not leave her till he got the Secret; he assured her, there should be nothing wanting in his Power to restore her Peace, and said so many Things, that at Length she told him, though she was truly sensible that his Marriage with the Niece of *Marcus* was of the greatest Advantage to himself and all the Family, yet it would be fatal to her. This young Lady, says she, will ingross all your Heart; it is but just that she should: her Merit ought to silence my Complaint. Pity my Folly, continued she, my dear Brother, I shall not live long to trouble you. *Henrick* reply'd, it was madness that had seized her, she deserved no Pity; he had left Mrs. *Penn*, and first consented to this Match at her earnest Desire; nor would he now be so blind to his own Interest, as to quit his Pretensions for her Whims: besides, he begged her to consider, that Lord *Marcus* was not of a Temper to be trifled with; should the least Affront be offered to his Niece either now or after the Marriage, he would take a terrible Revenge, and never be satisfied till he had the Blood of the Offender: so he advised her to compose herself, and make it her Study to oblige that young Lady as it was her Duty to do; since he should by this Match be enabled to make a large Addition to her Fortune, clear the Estate, and in all Probability be one of the happiest Men
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in the Kingdom: so, without staying for her Answer, he left the Room, and prepared for his Journey immediately.

This severe Usage, which she little expected from him, threw her into so great an Agony, that it stopped her Voice; she swelled prodigiously, and turn'd black in the Face; her Maids, who came running in at the Noise of her Groans, thought she was poisoned. The Apothecary was sent for, and in about three Hours time she was brought to herself: when every Body but *Nan* had quitted the Room, she was weak enough to impart the Cause of her Sorrow to that Wench, without once reflecting how lately she had betray'd her. The Girl took the Liberty to blame her Indiscretion; and used many Arguments to persuade her to comply with her Brother's Request, telling her, she might now make Choice of any Gentleman in the Country for a Husband, her Fortune would deserve it, and it would be better to be Mistress of a Family of her own, than live in the House with a Brother's Wife; who, if she was not mistaken, though she was but a Child, would expect as much Homage as a Queen; and would not be treated like the meek *Charina*. *Silvia* resolved to take her Advice, and look out for a Husband, well-knowing by his Behaviour, that if she persisted in her Obstinacy, she should lose the Love of both Father and Brother. *Nan* made it her study to divert her,

her, that she might recover her Health, and be in good humour to receive her young Sister-in-Law, wisely considering, if she was once married off, it was not impossible but the new Lady might be prevailed on to take her into Favour, and give her some Place about her Person; by which means she should have an Opportunity to converse with *Henrick* as before, and not be suspected.

While every one was consulting their own Interest here, the Match was in great Forwardness at *London*: my Lord was but just returned from his Country-seat, and had heard nothing of Mrs. Penn's Story. *Ricardo's* Intreaties prevailed, and Miss was asked how she liked *Henrick*? the Child answered, she had no Inclinations, but to obey her Uncle in every thing; so it was concluded that Miss, with her Governess, a Gentlewoman of good Sense and great Piety, and four Servants more, should go down with *Ricardo*, and stay there, in order to grow acquainted with *Henrick*; which they hoped would create an Affection, while my Lord examined into the Estate, and prepared the Settlements: the Lady's Fortune was Twenty thousand Pounds *per Annum*, with a firm Assurance of all my Lord's Estate at his Death; but all, except the Money, intailed on herself and her Children, with a Power of Disposal as she pleased, in case she had no Male-Issue. Orders were sent down,
and

and great Preparation made for her Reception; *Ricardo* was, without Deceit, so exceedingly fond of her, that he could not be easy when she was out of his Sight, and *Henrick* very elate on his Success; but an Accident happened the Morning they were to begin their Journey, which had like to have spoiled all.

An ancient Man tolerably dressed came to the Door, while they were at Breakfast, and enquired for *Henrick*. the Porter answered he was busy, and desired he would send in in his Message; but the Man said, it was of the utmost Consequence, and could be delivered to no-body but himself. Miss laugh'd and told him, it was a Love-Letter which obliged him to send for the Person in to prevent Suspitions. Little imagining from what Quarter he came, the Man presented him with a small Shagreen-Box, and a Letter, he no sooner saw the Hand, but he turned pale as Death, and fell into such a Fit of Trembling, that he was not able for a considerable time to break the Seal; which put the whole Company into a Consternation, and made my Lord very desirous to know the Cause: however, recovering himself as well as he could, he went to the Window, and read it. The Contents were as follows:

' I Am pleased to find your ambitious
 ' Wishes in so fair a way to be crowned
 ' with Success; I loved you, ungrateful *Hen-*
 ' *rick* ! with a sincere and tender Passion :
 ' you, in return, have entailed upon me
 ' Despair and Sorrow for Life; yet I will
 ' not expostulate any longer, lest it should
 ' awaken your Conscience, and give you
 ' Pain: I heartily forgive you, and am ve-
 ' ry sensible that your Father and Sister were
 ' the original Authors of your Crime; and
 ' beg, as you value your own Peace, and
 ' that of the Lady you are going to marry,
 ' you would never let that wicked Woman
 ' stay one Night in the same House with
 ' you: I have, by the Bearer, returned the
 ' Jewels you presented me with; the sight
 ' of them gives me Pain, nor are they of a-
 ' ny Use, since I shall never more appear in
 ' the World. I leave *London* this Day, and
 ' had done so much sooner, only I waited
 ' for this favourable Opportunity, that you
 ' may be ever happy, is the sincere wish
 ' of wretched

PENROPE!

P. S. You may be as-
 sured this is the last
 Trouble you shall
 ever receive from
 me.

H

If

If he was surpriz'd before, he was ten times more so now ; he retired without speaking a Word into another Room to write an Answer, while the Father, who guessed what was the Matter, endeavoured to excuse it, by saying he knew by the Hand that it came from his Son *Garcia*, who had certainly sent out of spite, because she was sensible that a Letter from her would disturb *Henrick* for a whole Day. My Lord easily believed it, well knowing there had been great Disturbances in the Family about her ; which they had, you may be sure, set off to their own Advantage: so, for fear it should add to the Uneasiness, he charged his Niece not to banter him, nor say one word about it. In the mean time *Henrick* dispatched the Messenger, but would not touch the Jewels. *Ricardo* went to him under pretence of talking him out of the Spleen, but in Reality to tell him the Excuse he had made, for fear they should be caught in different Stories: he found him so drowned in Thought, that he snatched the Letter from off the Table, and threw it in the Fire, before *Henrick* had Power to prevent it. Is this a time, says the old Man in a Passion, to set musing on a worthless Flirt? Your mad Behaviour had like to have ruined all, if I had not wisely laid the blame on *Charina*: however, I hope you took the Jewels; they will serve your Sister, I see the Fool sent them. *Henrick* whose Eyes
spark-

sparkled with Anger, was going to reply, when word was brought that the Coaches were at the Door, and the Lord waited. This put a stop to the Discourse, and oblig'd *Henrick* to appear in good Humour.

The young Lady's Governess, who had an Aversion to this Match, had found means to talk with the Man who brought the Letter, while he waited for an Answer, and so pumped him out of the whole Secret: this confirmed her in the Resolution she had taken, if possible, to prevent it, though she thought it not proper to say any thing to my Lord at present; not doubting but she should, when they came into the Country, meet with an Opportunity to blow it up at once. *Marcus* and *Ricardo* went in the Chariot, and *Henrick*, the young Lady, her Governess, and Woman in the Coach; they were met by *Silvia*, and a great many Gentlemen and Ladies on Horseback several Miles from the House: when they came nearer, *Ricardo's* Tenants of both Sexes came out to express their Joy, who all were invited to a splendid Entertainment prepared on purpose.

My Lord stay'd but two Days, and then returned to Town to get the Deeds, and every thing else ready: though all imaginable Pains was taken to please and divert her, yet Miss grew uneasy at the great Concourse of Company which was always there; she complained of it to her Governess, and said,

she would never consent to be married, if she must live in continual Noise and Hurry; she liked the old Gentleman very well, and found no fault with *Henrick*: but the bold audacious Carriage of *Silvia* gave her great Offence. Her Governess advised her to appear easy, and make strict Observation on every thing that passed, that she might be able to give her Uncle an exact Account of every thing; adding, it was much better to tell him her Mind without reserve, than repent when it was too late. Her Governess had contracted an Acquaintance with a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, a Man of good Sense and Honour; his Father had left the Estate much entangled with Debt, and Sisters Fortunes, which made him very reserved and inclined to Melancholly; he was concerned to think that a young Lady of so much Wit and Merit should be made miserable by such a worthless Pack: to prevent which, he frankly told the old Gentlewoman the History of the Family, such Scenes of Iniquity, as they are too shocking to repeat, tho' she did not think fit to acquaint her Lady with them, but waited impatiently my Lord's Return.

The House was very large, and though it was upwards of Two hundred Years old, a beautiful Stone-building: Miss took great delight in viewing the Family-pieces, of which there were many valuable ones; she generally spent two or three Hours in a Day

in admiring the various Dresses which every Age produced: the Furniture was rich, and though most of it had stood for several Generations, was still unfaded: 'tis true, the Chairs were kept in Covers, and long Camblet-Curtains, which trailed on the Ground, drew all round the Beds. One Day, as this young Lady came from her constant Amusement, she went by Accident into a lower Apartment which looked into a Back-Garden; it was what they called the best Bed-Chamber: but, as it was seldom, if ever lain in, few People came into it besides the Maids to clean it; here she sat down, pleased to think, if they sent to look for her, no-body would imagine she was there; but, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, she heard a Noise of Feet drawing near the Door: in hopes to miss their search, she got between the Feet-Curtains; and, being very little, it was impossible to see her, she soon found, by the Voices, it was *Henrick* and his Sister, who coming to the Bed sat down on the Side: she heard *Silvia* with many Tears reproach her Brother with Unkindness, to neglect her for a Bratt; and vouched, though she would do nothing to hinder the Marriage, yet she would poison the Child in less than a Month after it was over. *Henrick* sometimes chid, and sometimes smoothed her; he told her, it was wrong in her to hate the Child, who was too young to take Notice of any thing.

You

You are mistaken, reply'd she, the Girl is as cunning and as proud as the Devil: I hope you design to turn off that old Woman and the rest of her Attendants quickly, or else we shall have fine Doings, says she. He answered, it would not be convenient to do it too soon, for fear of disobliging my Lord. This enraged her more, she stamped and swore, tho' she was forced to have Patience for the present, she would quickly give 'em all reason to rue the Day they ever entered the House. This fine Dialogue made poor Miss with herself safe out of that Place; for she apprehended she should be instantly murdered, if they found her: while she stood trembling, the Scene changed, and *Silvia* grew wondrous loving, she pulled *Henrick* down on the Bed, kissed him, and said, and did such indecent Things, as scared the Girl ten times worse than before. He resisted her Caresses, and throwing her from him, went out of the Room; she followed, but could not overtake him; which, when she found, she returned again: and to ease the Fondness of her Heart, fell into a Solilique half an Hour long. By this Folly she discovered her most hidden Secrets, none of which were forgot by Miss: when she was pretty well tired, she went away, and locked the Door after her. There was no getting out that way; however, the Child resolved to venture any thing rather than be found there: so, opening the Window, she jump'd down,

and

and got safe into the Garden: as she was running cross the Walks she met her Governess and the Gentleman I mentioned before, to whom she related all she had heard, and told them, she would never enter the House again. They retired into an Arbour to consult what was best to be done: such a hasty Departure was thought impracticable, there were so many Eyes about; and to stay another Night, Miss would by no means hear on. At last, the Gentleman, to pacify her, promised, if she would go in with her Governess, and appear in good Humour, that they might have no Suspicion, he would take Horse immediately, and go to Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of Fortune, who lived but six Miles off, and tell him the Story; who should come in his Coach, and under pretence of inviting Miss and her Governess to sup with his Mother, carry them directly to *London*. This she agreed to, provided her Governess did not go out of her sight till he came.

They found *Silvia* at Cards with a great deal of Company: Miss was desired to play, but she excused herself; and sitting down in the Window, waited impatiently for the sight of the Coach. *Henrick* took Notice of her being out of Temper; she answered, it was natural to her; and, if he disliked it, he had best look out for a Wife without Faults; for she had many, and never intended to mend. This drew a sly Speech from *Silvia*, on whom she retorted very smart-

smartly. In short, she said so many ill-natured Things, that *Ricardo* grew very uneasy : at last, to her great Joy, Mr. *Worthy's* Coach stop'd at the Door ; who, after the first Ceremonies were over, addressing himself to the young Lady ; he told her, his Mother had sent him on purpose to beg the Favour of her Company at Supper, and desire she would bring her Governess with her. She ordered her Hood and Fan to be brought, and said, she would go that very Moment with him. This alarmed *Ricardo*, who mildly told her. As her Uncle had intrusted her to his Care, he thought it by no means proper to let her go any where, unless she permitted some of his Family to attend her. To which her Governess answered, That my Lord had left Miss to her Management from her Infancy ; and never disputed where she went, provided she was with her ; and she must take the Liberty to say, that no body else should. Upon which *Ricardo* rose up, and said, no-body should dare to take her out of his House for a Moment. Miss laughed, and told him, he was a fit Person to educate young Ladies, of which his Daughter was a standing Testimony ; And that, if he pretended to stop her, she would raise the whole Country about his Ears. Mr. *Worthy* begged her to have patient ; and assured her if he had her Consent, he would carry her safe out of the House, and all her Servants, since *Ricardo* was so indiscreet to make a Dispute. This created high Words between *Henrick* and

and Mr. *Worthy* ; the Company interposed, Miss, with a stern Countenance, bid him reflect on what had happened to-day betwixt *Silvia* and he ; and, unless he had a mind to have it repeated openly, take Care to make no Words ; for she never designed to leap the Garden-Window again : so giving her Hand to Mr. *Worthy*, and ordering her Servants to follow, he led her to the Coach, and they drove off, leaving all the Family in a strange Consternation. *Ricardo* said he thought it absolutely necessary to set out for *London* immediately, and give Lord *Marcus* an Account ; for he apprehended she was a-going to be married to Mr. *Worthy*, without his Consent, and desired his Son to prepare to go with him : but *Henrick* too well knew the Cause of her Anger, and said he was under so much Concern that he should never be able to perform the Journey, and begged his Father to excuse him : so *Ricardo* with only one Servant began his Journey. The Company took Leave, and *Henrick* ordering all the Servants out of the Room, loaded *Silvia* with Reproaches. Thoughtless, insatiable Monster, says she, born to be the Curse and Ruin of all thy Family ; what Crime can be named that thou hast not been guilty of ? Mischief is thy Delight, before thou art eighteen, thou art the chief Agent of Hell ; there is Contagion in every thing thou dost ; thou hast in one curst Moment blasted all my blooming

I

Hopes

Hopes of Happiness, and I deserve it, Fool that I was, not to be warned by the sad Example of my Brother, get out of my sight, or I shall be provoked to murder thee. As she was about to answer he took her by the Hair, and threw her out of the Room, charging her never more to come in his Sight.

The young Lady got to *London* some Hours before *Ricardo*, tho' he had made great Expedition ; and gave her Uncle an Account of all that had passed, which Mr. *Worthy* seconded with a true Character of the whole Family ; not omitting the Story of Mrs. *Penn* and *Charina*. My Lord was exceedingly surprized, and said the World was a continued Scene of Artifice and Guilt; it was almost impossible to know who were really good, the Number were so small: he expressed the most grateful Acknowledgment to Mr. *Worthy* for the Care he had taken of his Niece, and expressly entreated him to stay with them some Days. As they were at Supper a Servant brought word that *Ricardo* was below, and desired to speak with my Lord, Miss begged he might be brought up, but *Marcus* said he did not care to shock the old Man before Company ; so went down to him. *Ricardo* told his Tale, and concluded, with protesting he had done his utmost endeavour to oblige the young Lady, and was not able to guess at the Cause of her going away. My Lord reply'd, he was sensible
what

what he said was true; and it grieved him to wound a Parent's Ears with the Repetition of his Childrens Guilt; but he found himself obliged to do it, that his Niece's Conduct in this Affair might be justified: so related to him all that the Child had heard and seen pass between *Henrick* and *Silvia*. And now, Sir, says my Lord, you can no longer wonder, nor take it ill, that I give over all Thoughts of the intended Match, and never more converse with you, or any of your Family: *Ricardo* stood like a Wretch Thunder-struck, and my Lord left him, without staying for an Answer. When he recovered from the Surprize this Discovery had put him in, he considered it was best for him to return home, without making any farther Attempt to speak to *Marcus*, since it was impossible to hope for a Reconciliation; nor did he ever recover the deep Affliction this Disappointment, and the horrid Wickedness of *Silvia* gave him, though he lingered on a Life of Sorrow for near four Years longer.

Miss married in about a Year without my Lord's Consent, a young Baronet of a plentiful Estate, famous for his Beauty and extravagant Wildness; however, he was so infinitely fond of her, that he grew afterwards as remarkable for Sobriety, good Sense, and Indulgence to his Wife, as he had been before for his Follies: but alas! it was too late, his Constitution was ruined, and he dy'd before Three and twenty, leaving his Lady

a Widow at sixteen. Her Uncle had not been reconciled to them a Week, when, through a fatal Quarrel, he lost his Life in the Thirty-sixth Year of his Age. These Misfortunes affected her so much, that she retired from Town, and refused to receive the Visits of her nearest Friends.

Ricardo's Family lived in a continued State of Uneasiness, no body would suffer a Sister or Daughter to marry *Henrick* while *Silvia* was in the House; and her Character was so far lost, that, though Care was taken to give it out publickly, that her Brother would add Five thousand Pounds to the Fifteen hundred he had settled on her before, yet no Addresses were made. The Father proposed her to several, but all found some Excuses to decline the Honour he intended them, till at last *Henrick*, tho' with much Difficulty persuaded a young Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had not Five hundred a Year, and five Sisters to Portion out of it, to accept the Offer, and publickly profess himself *Silvia's* Admirer. The Sisters, who all lived at home with him, mortally hated her; but their whole Dependance being upon him, they durst say nothing; so as soon as Decency would permit, the Day was set, Writings drawn up, and Preparations made for this extraordinary Wedding: but our Lover, who had but an ill Stomack to it, stay'd in *London* under pretence of buying Cloths so long, that

that he put them all into a terrible Fright ; for the Company were got together, the Bride dressed, and waiting : nay, the Clock struck Ten before he thought fit to appear ; and when he did come, he was so much flattered he could scarce speak plain. She reproved him for his Delay ; but he, instead of making an Excuse, told her, if she was angry, he knew the way back again : however, this was passed by, and married they were, the Fortune paid, and open House kept for a Fortnight together. The Bride grew so fond that every Body took Notice of it ; but the Bridegroom continued as surly as at first, no good presage of future Happiness, when the Rejoicings were over he carried his Lady home ; and, as a Token of his Complaisance, the very next Day desired she would dismiss her Maids ; for his House should not be polluted with such Trumpery : besides, he said two Maids were as much as his Estate would allow to wait upon her and all his Sisters. She begged and cry'd, but to no purpose ; he obliged her to do it, telling her, that she must consider the vast Difference there was between his Fortune, and her Brothers, which he well knew she had damaged very much by her Indiscretion and Extravagance ; that he was resolved not to ruin himself, and beggar his Sisters for the Pride and Folly of a Wife ; but, if she pleased to stay at home, and not crow'd his House with Visitors, and be-

have

have herself in a frugal prudent Manner; she should find him an indulgent Husband, who would deny her nothing within the Bounds of his Circumstances. This did not satisfy her, it was hard to sit down to three Dishes of Meat, she had been always used to a dozen at least. Tho' his Sisters made it their Business to please and divert her, they were no Company; she wanted to gad abroad: but he wisely took Care that she should walk if she would go; for he locked the Coach up, and the Horses were employed at Plough and Cart, except on *Sundays*, when the Family went to Church. This Usage was not to be borne; she wrote a long Letter full of Complaints to her Father and Brother, who both came over to examine into the Matter: but, hearing the Husband's Story, they thought fit to desire she would no more trouble them, but obey her Husband, and satisfy herself with the State of Life she was placed in. But, to make her easy, and that all the Servants about her might not be Strangers, her Brother offered to part with his House-keeper to her; a Woman of Sense, and an extraordinary Manager. To this the Husband readily agreed, and the Lady, finding no Encouragement from them, by that good Woman's Advice, grew by Degrees better satisfied, and behaved tolerably well. The first Year she brought a Son, to the universal Joy of all the Family: but the Death of *Ricardo*, which

happ

happened shortly after, soon turned it to Sorrow. *Silvia* found the Effects, of the loss very heavily, for *Henrick's* Kindness declined, and he visited her but seldom, tho' the Husband was often with him: he began to think seriously of settling himself; and, as he was freed from all Incumbrances, he did not doubt but he might marry a Lady, whose Fortune would clear the Estate; the Orphan Daughter of the late Lord —, whose only Brother being lately dead, and left her Heiress to a plentiful Estate, and Ten thousand Pounds in Money. This Lady was his Aim, she was near Thirty, a virtuous, prudent, agreeable Woman, but far from a Beauty: however, she was Mistress of all the Qualifications that could be desired in a good Wife; she had long been acquainted in the Family, and knew all their Failings; so that, if she thought fit to have him, there would be no Danger of Reproaches afterwards. The Carelessness and Extravagance of Servants brought an intolerable Expence; he resolved to bear it no longer, so waited on *Lamira* the very next Day, and with an honest plainness discover'd to her his Intention he laid before her the true State of his Affairs, begged she would be so good to consider every thing, and favour him with an Answer: he told her he thought Form and Ceremony were useless Things between People who proposed to pass their Lives together; that his only Desire was to have all Things fix'd
on

on a Basis that might tend to their mutual Happiness. The Lady reply'd with as much Franckness, that she had no Exceptions to make either to his Person or Fortune; he had indeed surprized her a little with a Proposal so unexpected; that there were many Preliminaries to be settled, which required time to adjust; and in particular, says she, I shall expect that their Sister's Maid *Nan* be for ever banished the House: I would not have her expos'd to want, I am content you should settle twenty Pounds a Year on her for Life, with a Proviso, that it be forfeited the first time she either speaks or writes to you, or comes where you are. I shall always treat your Sister with Respect and Love, but will never suffer her to lye one Night in the same House with me, or intermeddle in my Affairs; and will have the Settlement made in such a Manner, that after our Marriage it shall not be in your Power to make her Children great at the Expence of me and mine: so whatever you are disposed to give to her and her Son, let it be done before-hand, that it may create no Disputes betwixt us hereafter. You are sensible I have too much Reason for these Cautions; yet I am willing to believe you will never give me Occasion to repeat them any more. *Henrick* told her with a Smile, if these were all the Objections she had to make, he thought her Demands so reasonable, that he was ready to comply whenever she

she pleased ; that the Settlement should be drawn in whatever manner she thought fit by her own Lawyer ; only begged Leave to remind her, that a long Delay would be contrary to both their Interest, becaue it would protract the time, and oblige him to pay another Year's Interest to the Mortgagees. In short, they agreed that the Wedding should be private, an entire new set of Servants taken of her choosing, the extravagant manner of House-keeping retrenched ; and as to what she mentioned relating to his Sister and her Son, he assured her he never intended to give either of them a Farthing more, she having already had Five thousand Pounds of him at her Marriage ; and the Boy, in case he should be so unhappy to die without Children, being entitled to the Eight hundred a Year which his Father had left : so her Lawyer was immediately sent for, and desired to get the Deeds ready in ten Days. Thus happily for both of them was the Match made up at once, without any Body's Knowledge ; she was not long providing Servants, which, as soon as she acquainted him that they were all ready to come, he cleared his House the same Day. This caused a general Consternation, especially to *Nan*, who little expected such a Change: she made a doleful Lamentation, but he soon quieted her, by saying it was in her own Choice, whether she would starve, or have Twenty Pounds a

Year paid Quarterly, on the before-mentioned Conditions. She would fain have obtained Leave to board near *Silvia's*; but he told her, she must not come within thirty Miles of his House, nor delay her Journey longer than three Days; however, if she had a Mind to it, she might go and take her last Leave of *Silvia*: so giving her twenty Guineas before-hand, he dismissed her with the rest, and the new Servants came the same Evening.

Nan soon carried these heavy Tidings to *Silvia*, who could not guess at the Meaning, tho' she was sure they pretended no good to her; yet they had still some hope that if she wrote a very moving Letter to him, it might shake his Resolution: but no Answer coming confirmed their Fears, and the three Days being expired, *Nan* with a heavy Heart was forced to begin her Journey. The next Week *Silvia* prevailed with her Husband to pay *Henrick* a Visit, and if possible, to search out this Mystery: but he needed not to take much Pains, for the Wedding was over, and *Lamira* brought home the Night before, who received him very civilly, and invited his Spouse and he to Dinner the next Day; but the News gave *Silvia* so much Affliction, that she was in no Condition to wait on her Sister-in-Law. She reflected how ill she had formerly used that Lady; and judging of every Body by herself,

self, expected nothing but Revenge: however, her Husband and his Sisters went, and made an Excuse for her, by saying, she was extremely ill. *Henrick* and his Lady well knew the Cause, though they took no Notice: but all Things were soon made easy by the good nature of *Lamira*, who was continually doing her Acts of Kindness, and making them pretty Presents. She was religious and charitable without Affectation, and of a Temper so sweet and easy; that she quickly brought *Henrick* to detest his former Follies, and make an excellent Husband. He retrieved his long lost Character, and was generally esteemed; the Fondness he had for his Wife made him delight to stay at home; and she, without seeming to desire it, brought him to love Reading, and spend much of his time in useful Studies Things he formerly hated; so her constant Attendance on Divine Service at their Parish-Church instilled in his kind a true Sense of Religion; no Couple were ever happier.

But *Silvia*, whose whole Life had been one continued Scene of Mischief, was, in half a Year after this Marriage, the wretched Author of a much greater than any she had yet been guilty of: *Mr. Worshy* and *Henrick* were reconciled, about the Business of *Marcus's* Niece, and *Silvia's* Husband, and he so intimate, that they visited one another

two or three times a Week: Mr. *Worthy* had done him many Services, and lent him considerable Sums of Money; yet his ungrateful Wife retained an inward Spite to the poor Gentleman, though she was forced to conceal it: the very sight of him gave her Pain, she knew that he was in Love with the young Widow, though there had been lately a great Coldness between them, *Worthy's* only Fault was Pride, and my Lord's Niece expected the most humble Submissions, and an entire Obedience to her least Commands. it was no Wonder that two People so much of a Temper should disagree; for she was haughty even to Insolence: *Silvia* hated the Lady as heartily as she did for the old Affair of the Bed-Chamber; and would often let fall an ill-natured Speech against her before *Worthy*, who never failed to retort, the Husband always reprimanded her for it, but to no purpose. It is reported, that whenever he drank too freely he was seized with a Fit of Madness that he was sensible of, which made him very cautious, and beg her, if she found him inclined to do so, that she would take Care to have him put to Bed. 'Tis necessary to promise this, because it will give a true Light into the original Cause of the fatal Accident which soon after ensued.

On the Birth-Day of their Son, *Silvia's* Husband invited some Company to an Entertain

tertainment, and Mr. *Worthy* in particular ;
Henrick and his Lady were at *London*, which
 prevented their being of the Number ; the
 Day was spent in Mirth, and after Supper,
 the Gentleman sat down to take what they
 call a hearty Bottle. *Silvia*, contrary to the
 Rules of Decency, staid with them till very
 late, tho' her Sisters-in-Law were all retir'd
 to their own Apartments ; she saw that her
 Husband had drank o much, and began to
 grow out of Humour ; but, instead of get-
 ting him to Bed, she encouraged his drink-
 ing ; and when she found him work'd up to
 a Pitch, she began to banter *Worthy* about
 the Widow, and talk of her in very disre-
 spectful Terms. Mr. *Worthy* often desired
 her to be quiet ; but she still persisted, till
 at last she said something that provoked him
 so violently, that he called her base Strum-
 pet, and reaped up as many of her Faults be-
 fore the whole Company, the Husband,
 drunk as he was laughed, and told her she
 deserved it ; she had brought it all upon her-
 self, she, in return, called him mean-spirited
 Coward to let a Villain live that had a-
 bused her ; and when she found she could
 not prevail with him to resent it, she flung
 out of the Room like a Fury ; no farther
 Notice was taken, only the Husband said, he
 was glad they were rid of her at any rate.
 In a little while a Maid came in, and desir'd
 her Master to come, for her Lady was taken
 ill ;

ill ; and he accordingly went with her : soon after a Note was slip't into Mr. *Worthy's* Hand, which he found means to read, without being observed by the Company : she rose from Table, and went out as if to the Yard ; but, as they were talking very eagerly, they heard a cry of Murther, and saw the Servants running into the Garden, whither they followed, and found Mr. *Worthy* mortally wounded ; who said, the vile B-*ch* has at last obtained what she has so long desired ; she has been the Cause of my Death ; and ruined her unhappy Husband, whom I heartily forgive and pity. A Surgeon was immediately sent for, but the Servants having five Miles to ride before they could get one, he bleed to Death ; notwithstanding every Body used the best means they could think of to stop the Blood : he expired just as the Surgeon entered the House, who was of Opinion, that the Wound was not of itself mortal, if help could have been procur'd in time. *Silvia*, when she saw the sad Effects of her Wickedness, fell into strong Convulsions ; her Husband tore the Hair from his Head, cursed her bitterly, and told all the Standers by, that she knowing he was out of his Senses when drunk, had sent for him out, and told him twenty Lies, till she had made him send the Note to his dear Friend, which caused the Murther. When he had said this he stood silent a little, and than

then hastily snatching a Case-knife from the Table, attempted to stab himself to the Heart, but was prevented, which threw him into a raving Fit ; some of his Friends laid hold of that Opportunity, and tying his Arms to prevent farther Mischief, carried him away in a Coach and six Horses, to prevent his lying in Prison till the time of his Tryal. *Silvia* remained for three Days without any visible Appearance of Sense. The Friends of Mr. *Worthy* were sent for, Coroner sat, and brought in their Verdict, willful Murder. This fatal News soon reached the Ears of *Henrick* and *Lamira*, who made all the haste imaginable to come to her, and brought with them three Physicians : never was a more melancholly Sight, *Henrick* embraced the dead Body of his Friend, and fell into the most dreadful Exclamation against his Sister: Accurst Wretch, says he, born to bring Ruin, Death, and Sorrow, not only to her own Family, but to all who have ever been so unfortunate as to know her ; let her die ! it is a Crime unpardonable but to endeavour to save her Life. This Lady came to persuade him to remove from the sad Object, and tell him that *Silvia* had recovered her Senses, and with a Flood of Tears begged to see him. For your Sake, my dear *Lamira*, reply'd he, I will go from hence ; I know my Sorrow avails nothing, but do not ask me a thing I will never

ver grant, and the only one, I shall ever deny you ; I mean, to see that execrable Monster, that's a scandal to my Blood, and Distraction of her Husband and Family. *Lamira* pleaded all she could in her behalf, told him the Violence of her Grief and Sincerity of her Repentance. Can her Repentance and Sorrow, says he, restore Life to my departed Friend ? If it could, you might with some reason talk to me ; I will instantly go to her afflicted Husband, I will do all I can to save his Life ; because I know he was not in his Senses, and pushed on in that unlucky Interim by her, to do this horrid Act ; I am certain he will never forgive himself for it : but, if you ever more name her to me, I shall think you a Partaker in her Guilt. Having said this, he took his last Adieu of the Remains of poor Mr. *Worthy*, and led her to the Coach ; but she prevailed on him to let her stay with *Silvia*, till he returned from her Husband : so they parted, and *Lamira* had her removed to *London*, in hopes to procure more able Advice ; but it proved to very little purpose, for she continued in great Agonies of Despair : alas ! a wounded Soul is not to be cured by the greatest Artist, as she too late experienced.

The Assizes coming on, her Husband attended by her Brother, and a great Number of his Friends, surrendered, in order to take his Tryal : his Behaviour, and deep Sorrow,

row, drew pity from all that saw it. He told the Court, he desired to die, for the cruel Murther of his dear Friend ; and it was with great Difficulty that he was prevailed on to plead *Not guilty* : but, it appearing by the Evidence that there could be no Malice in him, whatever there was in his Wife, the Jury brought in a Verdict *Manslaughter*. The Foreman being ask'd by a Gentleman how he could answer it to his Conscience ? reply'd, that Mr. *Worthy's* Friends ought to have indicted *Silvia* ; who, without Disguise, deserved to die : but he thought it impossible for any twelve honest Men in the Kingdom to cast her Husband.

Silvia languished on above a Year longer ; *Lamira* seldom left her, and took Care to have her attended by the best Divines, to whom she expressed an unfeign'd Sorrow for the many Ills she had done ; and dy'd, in their Opinion, sincerely penitent. Her Husband has never since recovered his Senses patiently ; but his Grief has taken a very wrong bent : for, rather than be alone, or suffer himself to be left to the mortifying Pangs of Reflection, he devotes himself entirely to drinking, and ill Women ; and neglects his Affairs so much, that, had not *Henrick* taken home their only Son, he must before this time have been reduced to the last Degrees of Want and Misery.

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These are the sad Effects of a careless Education ; few young Ladies had a fairer prospect of Happiness than *Silvia*: she had no-body to accule ; herself only blasted the beauteous Scene : Envy, like a Canker, consumed her Peace, and the malignant Effects extended to all who were so unhappy to be acquainted with her. Envy was the original Cause of all her other Vices. Let her Example warn the Fair, and young, and teach the too indulgent Parents carefully to watch the different Turns of Temper in their tender Offspring.



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